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1888

Poetical
Essays.



THOMAS ARTHUR SHAW

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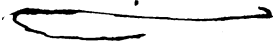
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Uncle Tom's Poems.

For dear Cousin Will
from Marianne

June 8th 1900.



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POETICAL ESSAYS.

BY

THOMAS ANGUS SHAW.



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PREFACE.

THE idea of being soon forgotten has been very distasteful to many minds in every age of the world's history, and has prompted numberless efforts to achieve something to assert individuality, and prolong remembrance.

Strongly sympathising with this feeling I have written these few Essays, indulging a hope that some who read them may agree with the sentiments and aspirations expressed, and that the spiritual affinity which similarity of judgment implies, may secure for the Author a kindly recollection.

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POETICAL ESSAYS.

CHILDHOOD.

HOW sweet is merry childhood,
With its innocence and glee,
Its knowledge only of the good,
The joyous, bright, and free.

So full of life its little cup,
The music of its merry laughter
Is sent to cheer a sad world up,
And tell of coming joy hereafter.

Its future seems a fairy land,
Of vast, unbounded scope,
Painted all beautiful and grand
By that skilled artist, Hope.

B

So fresh and pure, its opening mind
Doth Eden's simple faith possess,
In God's great gift of life to find
An endless spring of happiness.

If such were then Creation's aim,
Whence all the sorrow, suffering, shame,
The fear of death, the dread of woe,
Sweet childhood knows not, but we know.



THE BYGONE DAYS OF OLD.

Draw closer to the fire,
Shut out the wintry cold,
And let us have a pleasant chat
On the bygone days of old.

How soon the days of youth,
So sunny, bright, and gay,
When all appears like truth,
Take wing and fly away.

The hopes that once we cherished,
Day dreams and projects bold,
Like beauteous clouds have vanished
With the bygone days of old.

But still what treasured photographs
Our faithful memories hold ;
Then closer draw, and let us chat
On the bygone days of old.

FIELDS NEAR THE SEA.

How delightful the fields
To the young and the old,
With their exquisite carpet
Of green and of gold ;
The sweet little musicians,
We hear in the trees ;
The sunlight, and shadow,
And health-giving breeze.
And, when, in addition,
The wide open sea,
Language fails to express
How enchanting to me.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

I LOVE the flowers so sweet and bright,
That give such cheap and pure delight;
And though not to compare with some,
I'm fond of the Chrysanthemum.

When other flowers their charms put by,
At the stern look in winter's eye,
A faithful friend is sure to come,
The pretty, gay Chrysanthemum.

Decked out in all the brightest hues,
Vain to compete with, all refuse;
So full of bloom, the gardens smile,
Proud of the reigning belle awhile.

Though somewhat homely it may be,
It always is a joy to me
To see the flower that won't succumb—
The bonny brave Chrysanthemum.

MIGNONETTE.

THOUGH small thy pretensions and lowly thy mien,
Thy fragrance steals over us e'er thou art seen,
This odour delicious,—whence, whence do we get?
If we just look about, we shall see mignonette.

'Tis not for thy beauty thou takest a prize,
No magnificent colouring dazzles our eyes,
But a charm odoriferous, I would not forget,
Like the breath of an Angel is sweet mignonette.

So easy to get, and so simple to rear,
Far too lightly we estimate good that is near;
Lovely perfume attracts us to where thou art set,
No garden's complete without sweet mignonette.

Thou requirest but little attention or care,
And that thou repayest with gratitude rare,
The lesson thou teachest is good, little pet!
We'll make thee a remembrancer, sweet mignonette.

COCK CROWING.

SOUNDS do not strike all ears alike,
A high pitched note some nerves will shock ;
When, from a little distance heard,
I like the crowing of the cock.

Thy trust, thou pretty watchman ! well
Hast thou fulfilled since thy creation,
The herald of approaching morn,
Where thou art known to every nation.

A "bird of mark" in olden time,
Strutting in all thy feathered glory ;
An actor, who has played his part
In ancient and in modern story.

'Tis whispered, at thy clarion note,
Sprites and hobgoblins flee away,
Witches their incantations cease,
Workers of evil hate the day.

Unconscious, thou dost sometimes preach,
And thy shrill message, like a dart,
Makes many a guilty conscience quake,—
It pierced St. Peter to the heart.

No doubt the night seems long to thee,
And looked-for daybreak slow in coming,
But light is sent us from afar,
How fast it travels beats thy summing.

Crow on, my little friend, crow on,
Tell thy glad news, the night is past;
Night symbolizes death's long sleep,
Morn the glad wakening at the last.



ON THE BIRTH OF A LITTLE BOY.

ANOTHER little one is born,
Another hope the world possesses ;
May he grow up a good, true man,
A lightener of the world's distresses.

How much may be achieved by one
The history of our race discloses ;
Some names, a heritage of shame ;
And some, a perfume bear like roses.

Now and again a life is given
To thousands fraught with richest blessing ;
Reflecting wide some special grace—
May such be his we're now caressing.

ON THE BIRTH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

WELCOME on such bless'd mission sent,
To beautify and sweeten life;
To soothe its sorrows, gild its joys,
And foster love, instead of strife.

Man's strength and skill were incomplete
Without the graceful and the kind;
That he might have a help meet fit,
A "softer image" Heaven designed.

Fulfil thy mission then, sweet babe!
Ever, like sunshine, mayest thou come,
And live to be the central charm
Of a bright, happy tranquil home.

SELF HELP.

THE wordling bids us help ourselves,
And tells us, other help there's none,
That any aid, outside himself,
No wise man will rely upon.

"Put your own shoulder to the wheel,"
Excellent precept for the strong;
But, when we scrutinize with care,
Few to this favoured class belong.

They're but a fraction of the mass,
Who toil and sorrow to the grave,
From every land their cry goes up,
And ever, ever help they crave.

Where power is given, the idle sigh
Reaps nothing,—its deserved meed;
Heaven's help is promised but to those
Whose strength's unequal to their need.

Self help indeed!—when this we find
A doctrine's summary and scope;
Too oft the idea conveyed is this,
The fruitlessness of Faith and Hope.

TRUE RICHES.

RICHES have wings and fly away,
Uncertain as the changing wind;
And, take whatever course we may,
We cannot safely, surely bind.
But stay! upon a closer view,
Such wealth's but seeming, not the true.

Mere gold has no intrinsic worth,
'Twill neither mind nor body feed;
Though, as a medium of exchange,
Its value's very great indeed.
Still, keeping all its worth in view,
It is but seeming wealth, not true.

But gold will all the world procure,
In vain you underrate its power,
And just because you cannot get,
Cry out, chagrined, "the grapes are sour."
If you would prove your reasoning sound,
Point out wherein its power is bound.

Well! will it all the world procure?

We venture to express a doubt;

And think, in reckoning up the sum,

Important items are left out.

Health, peace, contentment, which supply

A charm to life, gold cannot buy.

True wealth is not the pocket's store,

It's laid up in the mind and heart;

And when the treasure's once acquired,

We're never called with it to part.

Oh no! For even when we die

We give it up to be put by.

Safe kept it will be ours again,

And we shall then the value know

Of all the discipline and pain

Used for our profit here below.

Earth's gain seems paltry at the tomb,

True riches priceless worth assume.

THE ART OF LOVE.

THE noblest art's the Art of Love ;
Too seldom studied as it ought,
Though in transcendent worth above,
All science that was ever taught.

What charm can heighten every bliss ?
And what make lighter every woe ?
An art that beareth fruit like this,
Who would not wish to spread and grow ?

Although it be of heav'nly birth,
In gentle minds 'twill flourish here,
Light up the dullest spot of earth,
And make it beautiful appear.

Simplest of arts, yet most refined,
The mildest, yet the mightiest power,
And where best cultured, there the mind
Puts forth new graces every hour.

But some may say 'tis not an art,
It owns no rule, it will be free,
This of its rise, though true in part,
Its life depends on sympathy.

Unexercised all arts decay,
Neglect and coldness make this wane,
Dovelike from strife it flies away,
And will not always come again.

The only art we may not miss,
And yet at last accepted prove,
No place is found in Heaven for those
Who view with scorn the Art of Love.



LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Love! thou art an exhaustless theme,
A joy confined not to the few;
In every age, thy sunny dream,
Gladdened the innocent and true.

There is a power of swaying hearts,
That Beauty, nature gives to thee;
The magic of whose smile imparts
A quickening thrill of ecstasy.

Is there, whom Beauty does not move?
How cold that heart! how dull that sense
For such, the priceless gem of Love
Would have no worth or consequence.

Beauty's a grand but dangerous gift,
If proffered, who that could forego?
Sometimes it doth to honour lift,
Sometimes betrayeth unto woe.

Though Beauty must for ever charm,
Who can insure its stay for ever?
A blight can soon its spell disarm,
Or time a link so frail may sever.

Beauty draws instant admiration ;
Instinctively we homage pay ;
But Love is built up by gradation,
Nor reared, nor scattered, in a day.

Love builds on some affinity,
Kindred condition, hope, or fear,
Establishing community,
And making each to other dear.

The cords of love are various graces,
Each giving and receiving strength,
All intertwined by time's embraces,
A firm enduring bond at length.

The bond of true love does not fail,
Like some false trust, when needed most ;
No mere adjunct of fortune's gale,
It hope sustains whate'er be lost.

Thus Beauty doth the weaker prove,
Less fixed, more easily removed,
The palm belongs to mightier Love,
Chief grace in loving and in loved.

MAN'S ORIGIN.

MAN sprang from lower form, say some ;
Others a Son of the Most High ;
That this world's but a training school
For a great future by-and-by.

That dust we are full soon we know,
We see the "dust to dust" returned ;
But how so made, by whom, or why,
Untaught, we could not have discerned.

We hear of a Creator's power,
Whose boundless love, beyond compare,
Makes His divine, unselfish joy
Among His creatures good to share.

He life imparted but to bless,
Where'er the wondrous gift is found,
In all its varied forms on earth,
In heaven, or in the depth profound.

The lower creatures have their use,
To each congenial task assigned :
And in pursuits by instinct led,
A life-long happiness they find.

Simple their task, their life, their end,
Only for sensuous joys designed ;
Instinct's near boundary soon is reached,
How feeble when compared with mind.

Without the aid of Angel's wing
Mind visits every land and clime,
Surveys each people and its state,
And passes in review all time ;

No barrier strong its course can check,
No artifice elude its skill,
In cavern deep, or mountain top,
Present in fancy where it will.

It looks back to Creation's morn,
And hears the Angels' shout of joy ;
Then forward, to the end of time,
When God will all that's base destroy.

But only what is base and vile ;
Good cannot perish, 'tis divine ;
Like hidden light—obscured, not quenched,
It will again arise and shine.

Were death the end 'twere curse to know
How high soars bliss, or deep sinks woe ;
Given good to see, but never reach,
Would Wisdom Infinite impeach.

All we can hope, and far beyond
Imagination's loftiest flight,
Is stored up for the coming day
That's promised after death's dark night.

Then can we doubt from whence we sprang?
What power could animate the clod—
Mould in such form, and raise so high,
But one—the mighty power of God?



SIN.

WHAT sickness and what sadness,
On every side appear ;
Is there no balm in Gilead ?
And no Physician there ?

Why then the oft-recurring sigh,
That ceases only when we die.

How did this malady begin,
This blighting, withering influence—sin,
That has affected every part,
And so corrupted mind and heart.

A world of wondrous beauty marred,
And all life's harmonies so jarred.

The poisoned germ that gendered death,
Lurked in the subtle Tempter's breath ;
That source of treachery and guile,
And everything that's base and vile.

Which struck and turned aside the will,
And the first bias gave towards ill.

The weak point found, sin entered in,
And now for empire fights within ;
Greedy of prey, it roams about,
Ah ! who can drive this tyrant out ?

Who sees not, journeying day by day,
What wreck and ruin mark its sway.

Yet in disguise it can appear,
So fair in form we venture near,
In robes that look so dazzling bright,
It seems an " Angel of the Light."

Enchanted, something says " Beware !"
We start to find we're in the snare.

Or bolder front it will put on,
And seek to daunt us with its frown ;
It boasts, " All wealth and power you see
Can only be obtained through me ;

And whoso will not homage pay,
Shall tread a rough and thorny way."

So soul-enslaving are its claims,
It vitiates all our better aims ;
Mixes with all we do or say,
And whispers evil when we pray.

And if we strive from it to part,
It strikes us with a fiery dart.

Cannot the wise and learned show
A remedy for all this woe;
Cannot this monster be o'erthrown,
That makes the whole creation groan?

Good news! a Conqueror has been found,
Hark! through the world His heralds sound.



THE SABBATH.

THE holy Sabbath was design'd,
That man might rest and comfort find ;
Give place, then vanity and care,
To contemplation, praise, and prayer.

From grateful hearts such off'rings rise,
A reasonable sacrifice ;
Though nought we do can profit Thee,
Thou wilt regard sincerity.

Invited to Thy mercy-seat,
We seek Thy courts with eager feet ;
Dismiss the world one day in seven,
To breathe the atmosphere of Heaven.

With lowly mind and bended knee,
Our heart's requests make known to Thee ;
And while of good we ask for more,
Forget not all Thou gav'st before.

Nor prayer alone, but praise ascend,
Our tribute, with the angels' blend ;
Catch their sweet notes, and swell the strain,
That "Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign."

And, as for man the day was made,
No work of mercy should be stay'd;
Still tend the sick—still feed the poor,
The young to Wisdom's paths allure.

May no returning Sabbath-day
Without improvement pass away;
Ever to bless us, Lord, be nigh,
And make us fit to live or die.



THE BIBLE.

How is it that a Book so old
Always appears so fresh and new?
And wields an influence so vast,
Reason must judge it to be true.

What life-like portraits here are drawn,
Their virtues and their vices too;
We seem to know them all so well,—
Such pictures no mere fancy drew.

Wonder, delight, and awe succeed,
As we the history pursue,
And see how deeply we're concerned
In the enquiry—"Is it true?"

It does not prophesy "smooth things,"
It flatters neither me nor you;
But speaks with an authority
No other book presumes to do.

It sets before us life and death,—
An endless future bids us view,
And calls upon us to decide :
Well may we ask,—“ But is it true ? ”

Where our chief interests are concerned
We want no speculative view,
But sternly call for solid facts
To test, ere we accept as true.

What are the facts apparent here ?
Let us enumerate a few,
Most widely known, disputed least,
And see if they attest it true.

Its influence has changed the world,
Though soft and gentle as the dew,
Man prospers best where it prevails,—
Strong argument The Book is true.

Where man can live, it will take root,
And if received with credence due,
It soon produces precious fruit,
Which springeth only from the true.

Wisdom and justice, where it stays,
Both rulers and the ruled imbue ;
Sweet peace and true contentment spread,
And show the doctrine pure and true.

Take it away, and what remains?
All that is lovely fades from view;
Despair the mastery obtains,—
Such facts proclaim the Bible true.

Man's noblest part, in "bread alone"
Could find no virtue to sustain,
It lives by "every word of God,"
The Bible is the garnered grain.



THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Is prayer a power, or vain desire,
Like the pursuit of flickering fire,
That doth delusive hopes inspire?

We need not ask the world : we know
It ever has believed it so.

The heavenward glance perceives no eye,
Reaches no ear, the bitter cry,
Outbreak of helpless misery?

We need not ask the world ; we know
The bad have ever wished it so.

Is the sweet thought of home, whose joy
No sin shall blight, no death destroy,
A myth—the sick mind's vain employ?
Whom shall we ask? the world we know,
Grovvelling and earthbound, judges so.

Senses but yet in embryo grand ;
Faculties bursting to expand ;
Extinction dire can fate demand ?

Nature we task the truth to show ;
Symbolic Nature answers no.

The buried grain again aspires ;
Uprisen, it sweetly re-attires,
And from short death new power acquires.
 Emblem for souls bowed down and worn,
 Death's night has resurrection morn.

It cannot be that yon dark tomb
Prisons for ever beauty's bloom,
And all the charms that life illumine.
 Impossible so short a span
 Fulfills the destiny of man.

When nature faints a doubt will press
Shadowing the soul with dark distress,
That ventures all towards heaven to press ;
 Earth's tempting gain, its pomp, its pleasure,
 For unseen spiritual treasure.

Is prayer a power ? this issue's plain,
It must be either loss or gain,
An act most wise or else most vain ;
 Priceless ; its worth who can declare,
 All things are possible to prayer.

Is prayer a power ? old time review,
If holy records we count true,
What is there that it cannot do ?
 Embalmed for all time's comfort there,
 The miracles achieved by prayer.

O wondrous power! the soul that brings
So near Thy footstool, King of kings,
Whence life's sustaining influence springs;
Fruitless are creeds that do not share
Faith in the mighty power of prayer.



THE COMFORTER.

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And the best gift, Thyself, bestow;
The hearts in which Thou deign'st to dwell,
Have heaven within them here below,

Possessing Thee, they have all good,
Nothing withheld Thou see'st they need;
Of "living water" given to drink,
And on the "bread of life" to feed.

Growing in grace, from day to day
Some likeness of their Maker shows;
And gentle words, and upright deeds,
Their noble origin disclose.

Walking in light, their steady eye
Surveys the world's tumultuous show,
And marks how fleeting is the joy
Of those who nothing higher know.

Earth's low ambition fails to charm
Souls that have tasted heavenly peace,
And found in it a spring of joys,
Time and its changes but increase.

Come then, O Holy Spirit, come,
Hearer and answerer of prayer !
Grant unto us, that we with them,
The sunlight of Thy love may share.



THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

COMMUNION with the faithful,
Of every land and clime,
Awakens in my spirit
A joy that is sublime.

I see, in mental vision,
Those lovers of their kind,
Who were as feet unto the lame,
As eyes unto the blind.

For the good Spirit thirsting,
It fell on them like dew ;
Where, only thorns and briars,
Sweet fruits of mercy grew.

Their presence, ever healthful,
Made bitterness to cease ;
The children of the Highest,
The messengers of peace.

No age has pass'd without some
Whose work will never die ;
Although on earth forgotten,
Their record is on high.

I love to think about them,
Though now they sleep in dust,
For blessed, ever blessed,
Is "The Memory of the Just."



THE SOUL.

OFFSPRING of Deity,
Grand human soul,
With thy visible counterpart
Given to control;
Compounded of dust,
Yet a work so divine,
Transfigured, it may
Like the Seraphim shine.

Vicegerent, thou rulest
All under the sun,
What shall be the result
When thy course thou hast run?
Good and Evil before thee
Expressly to choose;
One must have dominion,
Which wilt thou refuse?

With receptiveness marvellous,
Thou dost retain,
An impression, each movement,
Of heart or of brain.
Like pictures so faithfully
Pencilled by light,
Every thought to the soul
Adds a beauty or blight.

This infallible index,
Till judgment unknown,
Self-revealed, in each being
Life's action is shown.
Evil darkens, and ends
In the blackness of night ;
Goodness brightens, like dawn,
Into glorious light.

EXAMPLE.

EXAMPLE! Example's the want of the age,
The "living epistle" that all men can read,
Lives that fitly illustrate the faith they acknowledge,
Example just now is the world's greatest need.

Not so much the remarkable, great, or heroic,
Mighty deeds, in which few, very few, can engage,
But the plain simple virtues that make life so pleasant,
The culture of these is the want of the age.

Low thoughts of the present engross all our care,
What to eat, what to drink, and how best to adorn;
Much concern for the life that's for ever and ever,
Is lightly regarded, or treated with scorn.

We have "line upon line, and precept on precept,"
Books full of instruction in every page;
It is so much easier to preach than to practise,—
Example! Example's the want of the age.

THE MORAL LEVEL.

How much distress and trouble
Wide spread around us lie,
Why is not life's course smother,
Tell me, my spirit, why?

We know it would be easy
For Him who made the sky
To multiply man's food tenfold,
Why does He not then, why?

Would man be better for the change?
Pause for a while, suppose it made;
A sad result no doubt would show
Humanity in darker shade.

The spring of industry relaxed,
Virtue would rapidly lose ground,
Vice so sustained would rampant grow,
And greater evils would abound.

Look, where more genial climes supply
Life's first demands with little toil,
We see the land defiled with blood,
And deeds from which our hearts recoil.

Philanthropists almost despair,
The difficulties seem to grow ;
The reason is not far to seek,—
The moral level is so low.

Unless this level can be raised,
All other efforts will be vain ;
Like rolling stones up an incline,
One slip, and down they come again.

Sin and the Curse, Cause and Effect,
A relative proportion keep ;
And from the first the law remains
That as men sow, so they must reap.

Our Maker ever loves to give,
He blesses every fruitful field,
If men would only keep His laws
Far richer harvests earth would yield.

He gives as much as we can bear,
Bear with advantage, rightly use ;
Gifts He foreknows would harmful prove,
'Tis loving kindness to refuse.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE loved ones taken from us,
Shall we never see again?
The thought would be too terrible,
Unbearable the pain.

The kindly words, and gentle tone,
This rough world's holy leaven,
Had their sweet influence, now withdrawn,
Earth's loss enriches Heaven.

The well-remembered welcome smile,
Heart-cheering as the light,
Now finds response in every face,
No cold disdain to blight.

The unfeigned sympathy so dear,
With which, compared, gold is as dross,
Had value, never fully known,
Till its irreparable loss.

They've gone before us to the feast,
And we shall see them there,
Arrayed in festive robes so bright,
And Heaven's fruition share.

Death shall no more with his fell dart
Our loved ones from us sever,
The dismal grave shall captive hold,
No more, no more, for ever !



TROUBLE—ITS NECESSITY AND USE.

THEY who have learn'd this lesson
May be accounted wise,
The troubles that are sent by heaven
Are blessings in disguise.

Tis very hard to think so,
When we lose our heart's desire,
To hold fast faith unwavering
When we're passing through the fire.

We often see no reason
For the blow that's so severe;
And, but for inspiration's light,
Blind chance it would appear,

We find it's universal,
But how few the lesson learn,
That trouble's purifying fire,
And nothing good can burn.

While here we are abiding,
Assailed by sin each hour,
This fire is ever needful
To check corruption's power.

No skill of man can quench it,
God wills! then be it so,
If, as the blest result,
We brighter, purer grow.

As a refiner's fire
May every trouble prove,
Till we at length reflect
Something Christ-like to love.



THE CHURCHES OF OUR LAND.

How beautiful the Churches stand,
Embellishing our favoured land,
Looked for in every rustic view,
Unseen, the crowning charm is due.

Contrasted styles,—I both admire,
The strong square tower, the graceful spire,
That promises defence from foes,
This points where life no danger knows.

How richly they repay their cost,
What monitors would then be lost,
Were all these glorious structures razed,
On which departed Saints have gazed.

What memories linger round the old,
Of Dames so fair, and Knights so bold ;
And simple folk, whose hopes and fears
Lie buried with the bygone years.

But who can tell what prayers have sped,
And still a hallowing influence shed,
Softening our hearts, like gracious showers,
Fruit of their consecrated hours?

- With chastened hope we greet the new,
Though clouds obstruct extended view ;
As generations come and go,
Each has its special work to do.

Progress unchecked would mar the plan,
Success and failure build the man ;
Sunshine and Shadow, Toil and Rest,
Is God's arrangement,—and the best.

- Beautiful Temples ! ever stand,
The Sanctuaries of our land ;
Centres of light, from heaven above,
Whence radiate Order, Peace, and Love.



LIFE'S FRAGMENTS.

GATHER up the fragments
Of Life's little day,
What we do, lives on
When we have passed away;

Lends some aid to virtue,
Or support to vice,
If we have been triflers,
Let the past suffice.

Good words wisely spoken
Sometimes take deep root,
And in days far distant
Bear their wholesome fruit.

Actions stronger, deeper
Influence command,
For they speak a language
All can understand.

Word and work in season,
Fitting time and place,
These may leave an impress
Years will not efface.

Some good work attempting,
While we have the light;
See the shadows deepen,
Soon it will be night.

Gather up Life's fragments,
Do not waste a day,
What we do, lives on
When we have passed away.



OUR FUTURE HOME.

A BRIGHT and a beautiful Home is preparing
For those who are strangers and sojourners here,
Who look, and who long, for the second appearing
Of Him who was pierced with the nails and the
spear.

Not for sin of His own was that measureless suffering,
When He seemed, God-forsaken, to die on the tree,
But to show His great love for the ruined and
helpless—

A willing sin-offering for you and for me.

Redemption accomplished,—our Saviour has risen,
And where He has gone to, He told us before,—
To prepare a bright world as our Home of the future
In which we may settle and wander no more.

The word Home has a charm for the ear when it's
spoken,

Thoughts of Peace and of Comfort and Love it
suggests;

But no place would suffice, were sweet fellowship
wanting,

Or the freedom unfelt by the most favoured guests.

E

It is Paradise lost that humanity sighs for,
Ever sighed, and will sigh, till our Home we regain,
Our whole nature renewed beyond fear of defection,
No more needing correctives like sickness and pain.

It is Paradise lost that humanity sighs for,—
The beautiful Home and the unbroken joy,
The inspiring tradition has lived through the ages,
And the power of the enemy cannot destroy.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE COLLECT
FOR THE
SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O God! who hast prepared for them whose love,
Soars to its worthiest object—Thee above,
Concentrating their best affections there,
Thither by faith, ascending oft in prayer,
Such good things, which to comprehend, man's mind
Can do more, than tell from whence the wind.
Renewing grace, abundantly outpour,
Thyself reveal, our hearts attracting more
Than all created things! Adoring Thee,
Whose love ordained our immortality.
Boon infinite—immeasurably grand,
Years without number, countless as the sand,
With gifts and graces, Godlike still unfolding,
Quickened to life—our Maker's face beholding;
A Father's love, from which no power can sever
Angelic Friendships, that endure for ever,
Those sinless ones, to whom command is given,
To guard on earth, the new-born heirs of heaven
Grateful their task, with mingled hope and fear,
They watch us from the cradle to the bier,

Mourn when we fall, and sin our white robe soils,
Joy when our faith the Adversary foils;
And, when the last great baptism, death is o'er,
First greet their charge on the Elysian shore.
Safe through the wilderness, the Jordan passed,
The Promised Land, bursts on our gaze at last.
Lost Eden's loveliness, so wondrous fair,
But typified the matchless beauty there:
Who hope in Christ, look forward to possess,
Their title, His imputed righteousness.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE COLLECT
FOR THE
NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By thy good spirit, Lord, our hearts renew,
Corrupted source of all we think or do ;
Of evil thoughts an ever-yielding mine,
Such worthless dross revealing. Power Divine !
That brought forth water from the rock of old,
Make Thou its product better than fine gold.
Undisciplined, we can do nothing right,
In sin, and vanity, alone delight.
But by the comfort of Thy staff and rod,
We tread the path that homeward leads to God ;
Yet with unequal steps, falt'ring and slow,
So dazzled by this world's vain pomp and show,
Each sense in turn, a traitor to the mind,
Loosing desires, so difficult to bind.
Experience none, were all things smooth and clear,
And no advance in virtue could appear ;
'Tis the rough road, and trouble's bitter cup,
To inmost nature, hold the mirror up,
Show man himself, untried, like slumbering sea,
But cross'd, the waves less tempest-tossed than he.

This holy war, this spiritual strife,
Essential element of Christian life,
Makes the chief care to keep the conscience clear.
A cherished thought, Thy presence ever near,
A Saviour near, though earth-born clouds oft hide,
Go not far from us, in our hearts abide.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE COLLECT
FOR THE
FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ALMIGHTY God, eternal glorious King,
Of every "good and perfect gift" the spring;
Grant unto us, that we enrich'd may be,
With those chief graces, Faith, Hope, Charity.
Faith to believe Thou hearest when we pray,
Faith to decide, to choose the narrow way;
Hope from the Sun of Righteousness' bright ray,
Cherished companion, comforter, and stay;
To these be joined, bright effluence of Thee,
Most excellent, immortal Charity:
Best evidence of spiritual birth,
The test divine of every action's worth;
Life of all virtue, perfect, free from guile,
Gladness diffusing, like our Maker's smile.
Of our discipleship, the proof alone,
Thou wilt accept, when seated on Thy throne;
Acknowledge us, O Saviour, in that day,
When heaven, and earth, and sea shall pass away;
As faithful in a few things, then approve,
And manifest the truth, that "God is love."

A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE COLLECT
FOR THE
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LORD, with perpetual mercy, keep Thy Church,
To know Thy will,—grand object of her search;
To her the hidden path of wisdom show,
Strengthen her arm, resistless make her bow.
“Pillar and ground of truth” firm fixed remain,
A rock on which the tempest beats in vain;
Sectarian strife high elevate above,
As in name Catholic, the same in love.
Wide a’s her mission, may her care extend,
To all, of Adam’s lineage, faithful friend;
The white, the black, the tawny, and the red,
Recognised offspring of a common head;
Brethren long lost, who in the desert stray,
Call gently back and show the safe highway.
In doctrine, great commandments give first place,
Then, its due honour, every minor grace;
All the sweet charities of life employ;
Mourn, with the mourners—with the joyous, joy:
All things to all men for their good become,
No holy spell like sympathy to some.

O kindly looks and words, thy soothing power
Fails not in Nature's agonising hour,
As the soul passing, lingers in retreat,
A look of love foretells reunion sweet.
Thus to win souls, still strive, yet still in vain,
Unless Thou both direct her and sustain;
Defend Thy fold, O Lord, the flock safe keep,
Who wait for Thee,—Great Shepherd of the sheep.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE COLLECT
FOR THE
SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THY Church, O Lord, with constant pity view,
Her dross remove, her purity renew ;
A plenitude of holy unction give,
To teach the dying rightly how to live ;
How use the time, probationary given,
That Earth's vicissitudes make ripe for Heaven.
For man to seek, what was the greatest good ?
Problem of sages, little understood ;
Conclusions various, dark when nearest right,
Till the blest advent of the "Light of Light."
True light in which was found the life of men,
Promise, and proof, of resurrection plain ;
True light, which chas'd the soul's eclipse away,
The long'd-for daybreak of the perfect day ;
Wisdom incarnate, full of truth and grace,
Daystar of precious promise to our race ;
The words divine, in Scripture's sacred page,
Are the true manna, unimpair'd by age.
In what to faith pertains, the last appeal,
Authoris'd Arbiter infallible,

The Church's Charter, kept with jealous care,
The key of knowledge to unlock and share.
Keep, Lord, Thy Church from all corrupting leaven,
Thy house of prayer, the hallowed porch of heaven.
Who enter in, bow'd down by want and sin,
A Father's eye shall note and welcome in ;
More than their lost inheritance restore,
Clothe them in brightness heightening evermore.



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